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A N

HEROICK POEM

ON THE

WEAVING TRADE

Setting forth 'its Antiquity and Use, humbly in-
scribed to, 'its great Patron Doctor S W I F T
Dean of St Patrick's, whom God preserve long
for the good of the Irish Nation.

By MILES ASTON

*Nec factas solum Vestes spectare juvabat ;
Tum quoque, cum fierent ; tantus Decor adfuit arti.* Ovid.

D U B L I N :

Printed by J. G O W A N, at the Spinning-wheel in
Back-Lane.

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HEROICK POEM
O N T H E
W E A V I N G T R A D E, &c:

C E A S E Heathen Muse in thy **Sicilian* Hill,
We want no help to praise the *Weaver's* Skill,
Whose useful Art, display'd in various Schemes,
Renders it self the best of Earthly Themes
What *Hieroglyphick* Shape of Man, or Beast,
Of Fowl or Fish is not in Cloth exprest.
With Landskips drawn in close, or distant Light,
Our skilful *Artists* catch the wondring Sight.
The bounding Deer, who swift as *Eurus* flies
O'er Plains, and Cliffs from Hounds and Huntsmen's cries,
Our *Artizans* expose as plain to view,
As if a *Raphael*, or *Apelles* drew.

In torrid Regions, *Ethiopians* weave
With sable Fingers, which in vain they lave,

The

* *Sicilides Musæ. Virg.*

The various Courses of the Sun and Moon,
 Ascending and descending Morn, and, Noon,
 The Planets *Mars*, and *Venus* Queen of Love,
 With *Luna*, *Saturn*, *Mercury* and *Jove*,
 As in their Orbits they revolving go,
 By right or oblique Motion, swift, or slow.
 The curled *Surges* of old *Neptune's* *Field,
 The spangled *Peacocks* and *Minerva's* Shield,
 The *Ram*, the *Bull*, the *Twins*, the *Crab*, the *Bear*,
 The Prince of Forreſts, *Ariadne's* Hair,
 With ev'ry Conſtellation, and each Sign,
 Our human Art copies the Art Divine.
Egyptain Pyramids and ſportful Nile,
 Surprizing *China* Bridge, and *Cyprus* Iſle,
Herculean Pillars and *Olympick* Games
 Great *London* City and the glorious *Thames*,
 In Regal *Arras*, which our Navy brings
 To *Northern* Climates for the uſe of Kings.

One of our Artiſts now in *Carlow* Town,
 In Cloth has wove *Brittannia's* tripple Crown.
 The Royal Scepter, Cuſhion, Globe and King
 With circ'ling Angels, crowding in a Ring;

To

* *Campus Aquarum.*

To see our Monarch fill, and grace the Throne;
And add more luster to each precious Stone.

In Mathematicks Texture also shares,
Projecting Oblongs, Circles, Spires, and Squares,
So Lines compose the Surface of a Robe,
And every Clew doth represent a Globe.
From Pole to Pole we make the Trader steer,
Fly Rocks and Shelves and in a Tempest veer,
Expand our Canvas for each distant Shore,
The Billows skim, and foreign Worlds explore.

What Art could carry great *Columbo's* Fleet,
To *Mexico*, without a Sail or Sheet,
And thence export proud *Montezuma's* Ore,
Which our *Hesperians* never knew before.
The watchful Sportsman robs both Sea and Air
Of Fowles and Fishes with a Net or Snare.

When other Trades recount their Dukes and Kings,
Our chief **Arachne* much more Honour brings,
She spurns the Earth and mounts the higher Spheres
The Warlike Goddess of *Olympus* dares,

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As

The Goddess Pallas contended with Arachne for the excellency of Spinning and Weaving, Pallas being enraged at her wonderful Performances broke her Work and turned her into a Spider.

As *Roman* Bards relate, this *Lydian* Maid
 Has vied with *Pallas* in the weaving Trade,
 Who down from *Jove* with hasty Passion flew,
 Vext that a Mortal shou'd her Art out do,
 And here assum'd the Wrinkles, Speech, and Name
 Of an old toothless stam'ring aged Dame,
 To cheat our Damsel thus she plaid her Part,
 Where she desponded to succeed by Art;
 The Goddess fill'd with more than mortal Rage,
 Shook off her human Shape and borrowed Age,
 Transform'd *Arachne* in the doubtful Fray,
 But cou'd not take her weaving Pow'r away,
 Whereby 'tis plain the Goddesses and Gods
 Cou'd gain of her in Journey-Work no odds.

The first form'd Man tho' in his Bloom and Prime,
 By Nature's Light grew conscious of his Crime,
 Seeing the Blushes of his bashful Bride,
 To skreen her Guilt he left no Means untry'd
 With Thorns and Bents he stich'd in *Eden's* Grove
 A Gown of Verdant Leaves to cloath his Love.
 Till Heav'n in Pity to the Shifts he made,
 Inspir'd him with the noble *Weaving-Trade*.

The gentle Craft must also grow too slack,
 If they but Hemp or Awl or Bristles lack,
 Or other Matter which those Artists use,
 In shaping Buskins, Slippers, Boots or Shooes.
 All Trades in fine Appear like idle Fools,
 If they want Stuff, or Implements, or Tools.
 But ours* who spin and Warp and weave and reel,
 Without the help of Distaff, Slea or Wheel,
 And finish Pieces exquisitely Rare,
 Without Material, Silk, Wool, Hemp. or Hair.

A greater Blessing still attends our Trade,
 We give the Widow and the Orphan Bread.
 No Sex or Age stands needy at our Door,
 We cloath the naked and relieve the Poor.

Our Master *Kane* of Dublin Lord and Head,
 For many Years a thousand Persons fed,
 And still supports them with his Wealth and Store,
 As KANE † the great has done in days of Yore,
 When *London-Derry* stoop'd to his Command;
 And *spacious Eraght* || near the Northern Strand.

* The Spider. † An ancient Lord of the County of Derry. || Irish for the County of Derry.

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Whose Feasting House lay open Night and Day,
Within that Fortrefs of *Columba's* Bay.

Let's now applaud the Conduct of our King,
And loud Encomiums, to his Wisdom sing.
Who sent *LORD CARTREI* to *Hibernia's* Shore,
A Prudent *Vice-Roy* to relieve the Poor.
Whose generous Hand restor'd their failing Bread,
By settling Rules for every labouring Trade.
Check'd all Extortion in this sinking Isle,
And warm'd th'Industrious with a gracious Smile.

The Church's Glory joyns to help our Trade,
Great *SWIFT* advanc'd it with his timely Aid,
When Dearth and Idleness the Land o're spread,
Our Gaurdian Angels to some Region fled.
One of her Sons a Pillar of the See,
The faithful Steward acts from *Covin* free,
Whose Doctrine boldly stops the proling Wolf,
And rescues Millions from a gaping Gulph.

FINIS



